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The
Laureate
Poetry Books



Book IV.

London : Edward Arnold

THE LAURÉATE POETRY BOOK IV.

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THE LAUREATE POETRY BOOKS.

BOOK IV.

ADMIRALS ALL.

A SONG OF SEA KINGS.

Effingham, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,

Here's to the bold and free !

Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,

Hail to the Kings of the Sea !

Admirals all, for England's sake,

Honour be yours and fame !

And honour, as long as waves shall break,

To Nelson's peerless name !

Admirals all, for England's sake,

Honour be yours and fame !

And honour, as long as waves shall break,

To Nelson's peerless name !

Essex was fretting in Cadiz Bay

With the galleons fair in sight ;

Howard at last must give him his way,

And the word was passed to fight.

Never was school-boy gayer than he
Since holidays first began :
He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,
And under the guns he ran.

Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared,
Their cities he put to the sack ;
He singed his Catholic Majesty's beard,
And harried his ships to wrack.
He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls
When the great Armada came ;
But he said, " They must wait their turn, good souls !
And he stooped and finished the game.

Fifteen sail were the Dutchmen bold,
Duncan he had but two ;
But he anchored them fast where the Texel shoaled,
And his colours aloft he flew.
" I've taken the depth to a fathom," he cried,
" And I'll sink with a right goodwill :
For I know when we're all of us under the tide
My flag will be fluttering still."

Splinters were flying above, below,
When Nelson sailed the Sound :
" Mark you, I wouldn't be elsewhere now,"
Said he, " for a thousand pound !"
The Admiral's signal bade him fly,
But he wickedly wagged his head :
He clapped the glass to his sightless eye,
And " I'm hanged if I see it !" he said.

Admirals all, they said their say
 (The echoes are ringing still) ;
 Admirals all, they went their way
 To the haven under the hill.
 But they left us a kingdom none can take—
 The realm of the circling sea—
 To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake,
 And the Rodneys yet to be.

*Admirals all, for England's sake,
 Honour be yours and fame !
 And honour, as long as waves shall break,
 To Nelson's peerless name !*

HENRY NEWBOLT.

(By kind permission of the Author.)

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW.

Pipes of the misty moorlands,
 Voice of the glens and hills ;
 The droning of the torrents,
 The treble of the rills !
 Not the braes of broom and heather,
 Nor the mountains dark with rain,
 Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,
 Have heard your sweetest strain !
 Dear to the Lowland reaper
 And plaided mountaineer,
 To the cottage and the castle
 The Scottish pipes are dear.
 Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
 O'er mountain, loch, and glade ;
 But sweetest of all music
 The pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger
Louder yelled and nearer crept ;
Round and round the jungle serpent
Near and nearer circles swapt.
“Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,
Pray to-day !” the soldiers said ;
“To-morrow death’s between us,
And the wrong and shame we dread !”

Oh, they listened, looked, and waited
Till their hope became despair ;
And the sobs of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer,
Till up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear unto the ground,
“Dinna ye hear it ?—dinna ye hear it ?
The pipes of Havelock sound !”

Hushed the wounded man his groaning,
Hushed the wife her little ones ;
Alone they heard the drum roll
And the roar of Sepoy guns.
But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear is true,
As the mother’s cradling-crooning
The mountain pipes she knew.

Like the arch of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear.

She knew the droning pibroch,
She knew the Campbell's call ;
“ Hark ! hear ye no' MacGregor's,
The grandest o' them all ? ”

Oh, they listened dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last ;
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
Rose and fell the pipers' blast.
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman's voice and man's ;
“ God be praised !—the march of Havelock !
The piping of the clans ! ”

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild MacGregors' clan-call,
Stinging all the air to life ;
But when the far-off dust cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithesomely
The pipes of rescue blew !

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Moslem mosque and pagan shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
The air of “ Auld Lang Syne.”
O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
Rose that sweet and home-like strain ;
And the tartan clove the turban
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the cornland reaper
 And plaided mountaineer,
 To the cottage and the castle
 The piper's song is dear.
 Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
 O'er mountain, glen, and glade ;
 But the sweetest of all music
 The pipes at Lucknow played.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
 My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer ;
 Chasing the wild deer and following the roe ;
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
 Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the north,
 The birthplace of valour, the country of worth ;
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow ;
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below ;
 Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods ;
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;
 Chasing the wild deer and following the roe ;
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

ROBERT BURNS

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

I.

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold, determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

II.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line.
It was ten of April morn by the chime :
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

III.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleetest rushed
O'er the deadly space between,
"Hearts 'of oak!" our captain cried; when
each gun

From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

IV.

Again—again—again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back.
Their shots along the deep slowly boom,
Then cease, and all is wail
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

V.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave :
“ Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save ;
So peace instead of death let us bring.
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.”

VI.

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.

While the sun looked smiling bright
 O'er a wide and woeful sight,
 Where the fires of funeral light
 Died away.

VII.

Now joy, Old England, raise !
 For the tidings of thy might,
 By the festal cities' blaze,
 While the wine-cup shines in light ;
 And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
 Let us think of them that sleep,
 Full many a fathom deep,
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore !

VIII.

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
 Once so faithful and so true,
 On the deck of fame that died,
 With the gallant good Riou.*
 Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave,
 While the billow mournful rolls
 And the mermaid's song condole,
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave !

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE FROST SPIRIT.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes ! You
 may trace his footsteps now
 On the naked woods and the blasted fields and the brown
 hill's withered brow.

* Commander of the British frigate *Amazon*.

He has smitten the^c leaves of the gray old trees where
their pleasant green came forth,
And the winds which follow wherever he goes have
shaken them down to earth.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes! from
the frozen Labrador—
From the icy bridge of the Northern seas which the
white bear wanders o'er—
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and the
luckless forms below
In the sunless cold of the lingering night into marble
statues grow!

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes! on the
rushing Northern blast,
And the dark Norwegian pines have bowed as his fearful
breath went past.
With an unscorched wing he has hurried on where the
fires of Hecla glow
On the darkly beautiful sky above and the ancient ice
below.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes! and the
quiet lake shall fee'
The torpid touch of his glazing breath and ring to the
skater's heel,
And the streams which danced on the broken rocks, or
sang to the leaning grass,
Shall bow again to their winter chain, and in mournful
silence pass.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes! let us
meet him as we may,
And turn with the light of the parlour fire his evil power
away,
And gather closer the circle round when that firelight
dances high,
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend as his
sounding wing goes by.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

A STAR FANCY FOR A CHILD.

When summer nights are warm and dry
The Scorpion with his flaming eye,
Down in the South as twilight grows,
Watches the lily and the rose.

He sees the poppies and the stocks,
The sunflowers and the hollyhocks,
Though all the trees are thick and green,
With his red eye he looks between.

But when the nights begin to freeze,
Eastwards behind the naked trees,
Orion lifts his head to spy
Those stars that in the garden lie.

The Scorpion told him how they grew,
Purple and pink and white and blue,
So night by night Orion goes
To find the lily and the rose.

Night after night you see him stride
Across the South at Christmas-tide ;
Though all the fields are white with snow,
He watches for those stars to blow.

But when 'tis near his time to rest,
Leaning his head towards the West,
When April nights are sharp and clear
He sees those garden stars appear.

For just before he sinks from sight,
He sees the borders strewn with light,
And looking back across the hills,
Beholds the shining daffodils.

JOHN HALSHAM.

(*By permission.*)

TUBAL CAIN.

I.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when earth was young ;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
The strokes of his hammer rung ;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang : ' Hurra for my handiwork !
Hurra for the Spear and Sword !
Hurra for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be King and Lord !'

II.

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong
Till they shouted loud for glee
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang : " Hurra for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew !
Hurra for the smith, hurra for the fire,
And hurra for the metal true ! "

III.

But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done ;
He saw that men, with rage and hate
Made war upon their kind ;
That the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said : " Alas ! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow man ! "

IV.

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe ;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low.

But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang : " Hurra for my handiwork !"
And the red sparks lit the air ;
" Not alone for the blade was the bright steel
made " ;
And he fashioned the First Ploughshare !

V.

And men, taught wisdom from the Past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And ploughed the willing lands ;
And sang : " Hurra for Tubal Cain !
Our staunch good friend is he ;
And for the ploughshare and the plough
To him our praise shall be ;
But while Oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the Plough,
We'll not forget the Sword !"

CHARLES MACKAY.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone .
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone ;

No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh
To reflect back her blushes,
To give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem ;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow
When friendships decay ;
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh ! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone ?

THOMAS MOORE.

THE SOLITARY ROSE.

O happy rose, red rose, that bloomest lonely
Where there are none to gather while they love thee ;
Thou art perfumed by thine own fragrance only,
Resting like incense round thee and above thee ;
Thou hearest nought save some pure stream that flows,
O happy rose.

What though for thee no nightingales are singing,
 They chant the eve, but hush them in the morning.
 Near thee no little moths and bees are winging
 To steal thy honey when the day is dawning;
 Thou keep'st thy sweetness till the twilight's close,
 O happy rose.

• •

Then rest in peace, thou lone and lovely flower;
 Yea, be thou glad, knowing that none are near thee
 To mar thy beauty in a wanton hour,
 And scatter all thy leaves nor deign to wear thee.
 Securely in thy solitude repose,
 O happy rose.

C. G. ROSSETTI.

NOVEMBER.

No sun—no moon—
 No morn—no noon—
 No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
 No sky—no earthly view—
 No distance looking blue—
 No road—no street—no t'other side the way—
 No end to any row—
 No indication where the crescents go—
 No top to any steeple—
 No recognition of familiar people—
 No courtesies for throwing 'em—
 • No knowin'g 'em!
 No travelling at all—no locomotion—
 No missing of the way—no notion—
 No go—by land or ocean—

No mail—no post—
 No news from any foreign coast—
 No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
 No company—no nobility—
 No warmth—no cheerfulness—no healthful ease—
 No comfortable feel in any member—
 No shade—no shine—no butterflies—no bees—
 No fruits—no flowers—no leaves—no birds—
 November !

THOMAS HOOD.

THE BETTER LAND.

“ I hear thee speak of the better land ;
 Thou call'st its children a happy band ;
 Mother ! oh where is that radiant shore ?
 Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?
 Is it where the flower of the orange blows
 And the fireflies dance through the myrtle boughs ?

“ Not there, not there, my child.”

“ Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise
 And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?
 Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
 Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
 And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
 Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?”

“ Not there, not there, my child.”

“ Is it far away in some region o'd,
 Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold—
 Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
 And the diamond lights up the secret mine,

And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"

"Not there, not there, my child."

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy;
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy,
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child."

MRS. HEMANS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Know'st thou the land where the pale citrons grow,
The golden fruits in darker foliage glow?
Soft blows the wind that breathes from that blue sky!
Still stands the myrtle and the laurel high!
Know'st thou it well, that land, beloved friend?
Thither with thee, oh, thither would I wend!

S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE FIRST OF JUNE.*

That fight shall be remembered while sea-tides ebb and
flow,
That fight that fell on the first of June a hundred years
ago;

What time in the mid-Atlantic, far out of the ken of
shore,
The flag of the double crosses was matched with the
tricolor.

Last two stanzas omitted.

The fleets were even ship for ship and man to man the
crews,
And braver seaman never sailed than Villaret-Joyeuse.

When Howe broke through his battle line, the first to
join the fray.
The *Vengeur* shook her topsails out and raced to bar the
way ;

The *Brunswick* steering for the gap was next to gallant
Howe,
And driving on before the wind she struck her on the
bow ;

The forechains held her anchor fast ; she swung and
could not free,
So tethered in a deadly grip those two dropped off to lee.

Our English blew their ports away, the shock had
jammed them to ;
They rammed their guns with shot and chain and raked
the *Vengeur* through.

While hand to hand on the upper deck the Frenchmen
swarmed to board,
Redressed the balance of the fight with grape and pike
and sword.

That long forenoon the battle raged they scarce knew
how or where
Who, shrouded in a sulphur mist, fought out their duel
there.

Our figure-head was Brunswick's Duke who died at
Auerstadt ;

Now it chanced a roundshot carried off the Duke's
three-cornered hat.

Brave Captain Harvey lay below with the wound of
which he died,

But as the word passed round the decks he raised him
on his side,

And, " God forbid King George's fleet or Admiral Howe
should see

The gallant Duke uncover to Villaret," says he.

His strength was ebbing as he spoke, but smiling
through the pain,

" I shall not need," he whispered, " to wear my own
again."

" Take my cocked hat and brush away the powder from
the lace,

And send for Jack the carpenter to nail it in its place."

The bullets snarled and spattered thick where'er a face
might show,

But Jack just said " Aye. aye, sir," and touched his hat
to go.

They watched him crawl out on the boom, they lost him
in the smoke,

And through a pause of battle roar they caught his
hammer's stroke.

But when the breeze a moment's space blew all the
forecastle* clear

There rose from half a thousand throats a ringing
English cheer ;

For Jack was back at quarters begrimed and black and
torn,

“And the Duke does not uncover, lads, to any French-
man born !”

You know the rest—the long swell grew, the vessels
strained and heeled

Till the grapple parted, and away the stricken *Vengeur*
reeled ;

Her spars still swung, but rudderless she drifted o'er the
seas,

And lost the mastless *Brunswick* to close with the
Ramillies.

An hour more and water-logged she rolled a helpless
wreck,

But still she bore the tricolor above her bloody deck.

When seven ships had struck their flags and that great
fight was done,

When the shrouding smoke drew up and off towards the
setting sun,

They saw her sinking slowly down with all her dying
brave,

And boats put out in eager haste to succour and to save.

Too late, alas! to rescue all—the sea winds took their
cry,

The cool waves washed their fevered wounds and they
died as heroes die.

All honour to the men who wore the tricolor cockade!

All honour to the *Vengeur* for the splendid fight she
made!

RENNELL RODD
(*By permission.*)

WHO SHALL BE FAIREST?

I.

Who shall be fairest?

Who shall be rarest?

Who shall be first in the songs that we sing?

Sæ who is kindest,

When Fortune is blindest,

Bearing through winter the blooms of the spring.

Charm of our gladness,

Friend of our sadness,

Angel of Life, when its pleasures take wing!

She shall be fairest,

She shall be rarest,

She shall be first in the songs that we sing!

II

Who shall be nearest

Noblest and dearest,

Named but with honour and pride evermore?

He the undaunted,

Whose banner is planted

On Glory's high ramparts and battlements hoar,
 Fearless of danger,
 To falsehood a stranger,
 Looking not back while there's Duty before !
 He shall be nearest,
 He shall be dearest,
 He shall be first in our hearts evermore !

CHARLES MACKAY.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

I.

Oh, to be in England,
 Now that April is there !
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheat
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough,
 In England—now.

II.

And after April, when May follows
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows !
 Hark ! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
 That's the wise thrush. He sings each song twice over,
 Lest you should think he never could recapture
 The first fine careless rapture !

And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 'All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's dower,
 Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

ROBERT BROWNING.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM THE SEA.

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the north-west died
 away ;
 Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz
 Bay.
 Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar
 lay ;
 In the dimmest north-east distance dawned Gibraltar
 grand and gray ;
 " Here and here did England help me : how can I help
 England ? " say,
 Whoso turns as I this evening turn to God to praise and
 pray,
 While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

ROBERT BROWNING.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon
 A mile or so away,
 On a little mound, Napoleon
 Stood on our storming day ;
 With neck out-thrust, you fancy how
 Legs wide, arms locked behind
 As if to balance the prone brow
 Oppressive with its mind

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there drew
A rider, bound on bound,
Full galloping ; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy :
You hardly could suspect
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came thro')—
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two

"Well," cried he, "Emperor by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon !
The Marshal's in the market-place
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird* flap his vans,
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him !" The Chief's eye flashed, his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The Chief's eye flashed ; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes :

* The French standard was a carved eagle.

“You’re wounded ! “Nay,” his soldier’s pride
 Touched to the quick, he said :
 “I’m killed, sire !” And, his Chief beside,
 Smiling, the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING.

FIDELITY.

A barking sound the shepherd hears,
 A cry as of a dog or fox ;
 He halts and searches with his eyes
 Among the scattered rocks ;
 And now at distance can discern
 A stirring in a brake of fern ;
 And instantly a dog is seen
 Glancing through that covert green.

The dog is not of mountain breed,
 Its motions, too, are wild and shy ;
 With something, as the shepherd thinks,
 Unusual in its cry ;
 Nor is there anyone in sight
 All round, in hollow or on height ;
 Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear ;
 What is the creature doing here ?

It was a cove, a huge recess
 That keeps till June December’s snow ;
 A lofty precipice in front,
 A silent turn below !
 Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
 Remote from public road or dwelling,
 Pathway, or cultivated land,
 From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer ;
The crags repeat the raven's croak
In symphony austere ;
Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—
And mists that spread the flying shroud ;
And sunbeams ; and the sounding blast
That, if it could, would hurry past,
But that enormous barrier binds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, a while
The shepherd stood ; then makes his way
Towards the dog, o'er rocks and stones,
As quickly as he may ;
Not far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground ;
The appalled discoverer, with a sigh,
Looks round to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The man had fallen—that place of fear ;
At length upon the shepherd's mind
It breaks, and all is clear ;
He instantly recalled the name,
And who he was, and whence he came ;
Remembered, too, the very day
On which the traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake
This lamentable tale I tell ;
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well.

The dog, which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry—
This dog had been through three months' space
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that since the day
When this ill-fated traveller died,
The dog had watched about the spot,
Or by his master's side.
How nourished here through such long time,
He knows who gave that love sublime,
And gave that strength of feeling great
Above all human estimate.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

Beside the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand ;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand.
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed ;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode ;
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand ;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand—
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids,
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode • •
Along the Niger's bank ;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew ;
From morn till night he followed their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At right he heard the lion roar,
And the hyena scream ;
And the river-horse as he crushed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream ;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty ;
And the blast of the desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
 Nor the burning heat of day ;
 For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
 And his lifeless body lay
 A worn-out fetter, that the soul
 Had broken and thrown away !

H. W. LONGFELLOW

EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN.

I.

News of battle !—news of battle !
 Hark ! 'tis ringing down the street :
 And the archways and the pavement
 Bear the clang of hurrying feet.
 News of battle ? Who hath brought it ?
 News of triumph ? Who should bring
 Tidings from our noble army,
 Greetings from our gallant King ?
 All last night we watched the beacons
 Blazing on the hills afar,
 Each one bearing, as it kindled,
 Message of the opened war.
 All night long the northern streamers
 Shot across the trembling sky !
 Fearful lights, that never beacon
 Save when kings or heroes die.

II.

News of battle ! Who hath brought it ?
 All are thronging to the gate ;
 "Warder—warder ! open quickly !
 Man—is this a time to wait ?"

And the heavy gates are opened :
Then a murmur long and loud.
And a cry of fear and wonder
Bursts from out the bending crowd.
For they see in battered harness
Only one hard-stricken man,
And his weary steed is wounded,
And his cheek is pale and wan.
Spearless hangs a bloody banner
In his weak and drooping hand—
What ! can this be Randolph Murray,
Captain of the city band ?

III.

Round him crush the people, crying,
“ Tell us all—oh, tell us true !
Where are they who went to battle,
Randolph Murray, sworn to you ?
Where are they, our brothers—children ?
Have they met the English foe ?
Why art thou alone, unfollowed ?
Is it weal, or is it woe ? ”
Like a corpse the grisly warrior
Looks from out his helm of steel ;
But no word he speaks in answer,
Only with his armed heel
Chides his weary steed, and onward
Up the city streets they ride ;
Fathers, sisters, mothers, children,
Shrieking, praying by his side.

"By the God that made thee, Randolph,
Tell us what mischance hath come."
Then he lifts his riven banner,
And the asker's voice is dumb.

IV.

The elders of the city
Have met within their hall—
The men whom good King James had charged
To watch the tower and wall.
"Your hands are weak with age," he said,
"Your hearts are stout and true ;
So bide ye in the Maiden Town,
While others fight for you.
My trumpet from the Border-side
Shall send a blast so clear,
That all who wait within the gate
That stirring sound may hear.
Or, if it be the will of Heaven
That back I never come,
And if, instead of Scottish shouts
Ye hear the English drum,
Then let the warning bells ring out,
Then gird you to the fray,
Then man the walls like burghers stout
And fight while fight you may.
'Twere better that in fiery flame
The roofs should thunder down
Than that the foot of foreign toe
Should trample in the town !"

v.

Then in came Randolph Murray,
His step was slow and weak,
And, as' he doffed his dinted helm,
The tears ran down his cheek :
They fell upon his corslet,
And on his mailèd hand,
As he gazed around him wistfully,
Leaning sorely on his brand.
And none who then beheld him
But straight were smote with fear,
For a bolder and a sterner man
Had never couched a spear.
They knew so sad a messenger
Some ghastly news must bring :
And all of them were fathers,
And their sons were with the King.

vi.

And up then rose the Provost—
A brave old man was he,
Of ancient name, and knightly fame,
And chivalrous degree.
Oh, woeful now was the old man's look,
And he spake right heavily :
“ Now, Randolph, tell thy tidings,
However sharp they be !
Woe is written on thy visage,
Death is looking from thy face :
Speak, though it be of overthrow—
It cannot be disgrace !”

VII.

Right bitter was the agony
That wrung that soldier proud :
Thrice did he strive to answer,
And thrice he groaned aloud.
Then he gave the riven banner
To the old man's shaking hand,
Saying: " That is all I bring ye
From the bravest of the land !
Ay ! ye may look upon it—
It was guarded well and long,
By your brothers and your children,
By the valiant and the strong,
One by one they fell around it,
As the archers laid them low,
Grimly dying, still unconquered,
With their faces to the foe.
Ay ! ye well may look upon it—
There is more than honour there,
Else, be sure, I had not brought it
From the field of dark despair.
Never yet was royal banner
Steeped in such a costly dye ;
It hath lain upon a bosom
Where no other shroud shall lie.
Sirs ! I charge you, keep it holy,
Keep it as a sacred thing,
For the stain ye see upon it
Was the life-blood of your King !"

VIII.

Woe, woe and lamentation !
What a piteous cry was there !
Widows, maidens, mothers, children,
Shrieking, sobbing in despair !
O the blackest day for Scotland,
That she ever knew before !
O our King—the good, the noble,
Shall we see him never more ?
Woe to us and woe to Scotland !
O our sons, our sons and men !
Surely some have 'scaped the Southron,
Surely some will come again !"
Till the oak that fell last winter
Shall uprear its shattered stem,
Wives and mothers of Dunedin,
Ye may look in vain for them !

W. E. AYTOUN.

THE SUMMER SHOWER.

Before the stout harvesters falleth the grain,
As when the strong storm-wind is reaping the plain :
And loiters the boy in the briery lane ;
But yonder aslant comes the silvery rain,
Like a long line of spears brightly burnished and tall.

Adown the white highway, like cavalry fleet,
It dashes the dust with its numberless feet.
Like a mournurless school, in their leafy retreat,
The wild birds sit listening the drops round them beat ;
And the boy crouches close to the blackberry wall.

The swallows alone take the storm on their wing,
 And, taunting the tree-sheltered labourers, sing;
 Like pebbles the rain breaks the face of the spring,
 While a bubble darts up from each widening ring;
 And the boy, in dismay, hears the loud shower fall.

But soon are the harvesters tossing the sheaves;
 The robin darts out from its bower of leaves;
 The wren peereth forth from the moss-covered eaves;
 And the rain-spattered urchin now gladly perceives
 That the beautiful bow bendeth over them all.

T. B. READ.

CONDUCTOR BRADLEY.

Conductor Bradley (always may his name
 Be said with reverence!), as the swift doom came,
 Smitten to death, a crushed and mangled frame,

Sank with the brake he grasped just where he stood
 To do the utmost that a brave man could,
 And die, if needful, as a true man should.

Men stooped above him; women dropped their tears
 On that poor wreck beyond all hopes or fears,
 Lost in the strength and glory of his years.

What heard they? I o! the ghastly lips of pain,
 Dead to all thought save duty's, moved again:
 "Put out the signals for the other train!"

No nobler utterance since the world began
 From lips of saint or martyr ever ran,
 Electric through the sympathies of man.

Ah me! how poor and noteless seem to this
The sick-bed dramas of self-consciousness,
Our sensual fears of pain and hopes of bliss!

Oh, grand supreme endeavour! Not in vain
That last brave act of failing tongue and brain!
Freighted with life the downward rushing train,

Following the wrecked one as wave follows wave,
Obeyed the warning which the dead lips gave.
Others he saved, himself he could not save.

Nay, the lost life was saved. He is not dead
Who in his record still the earth shall tread
With God's clear aureole shining round his head.

We bow as in the dust, with all our pride
Of virtue dwarfed the noble deed beside.
God give us grace to live as Bradley died!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

CANADIAN SLEIGH SONG.

I.

The snow lies deep upon the ground,
The north wind howls on high,
The mountain-tops stand white and clear
Against the dark blue sky;
The swamp is solid as the rock
The river flows no more;
And lakes are bridged by iron ice
To bear us from the shore.

The roughest roads are smooth as lawns ;
Bring out the merry sleigh.
Hark ! hark ! the music of the bells !
Away we go, away !

II.

The farmer and the farmer's wife
Sit by the fire at home,
And as they hear the piping blast,
They pity those who roam.
But we find pleasure out of doors,
And fear no wild wind's wrath ;
And, swift as swallows o'er the pool,
We cleave ourselves a path.
There's fresh delight in rapid flight ;
Bring out the merry sleigh.
Hark ! hark ! the music of the bells !
Away we go, away !

III.

Five hundred miles our course we'll keep,
And though the way be long,
We'll find a welcome at the end,
A welcome and a song.
• Around our father's cheerful hearth
The Yule-log sparkles bright,
And happy faces gather there
To spend the Christmas night.

We'll join them ere the week be old ;
Bring out the flying sleigh !
Hark ! hark ! the music of the bells !
Away we go, away !

CHARLES MACKAY.

THE SANDS OF DEE.

I.

“ O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home
Across the Sands of Dee.”
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

II.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land ;
And never home came she.

III.

“ Oh ! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress of golden hair,
A drownèd maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea ?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee.”

IV.

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea ;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the Sands of Dee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

JACK AND JOE.

Jack's a scholar, as all men say,
Dreams in Latin and Greek,
Gobbles a grammar in half a day,
And a lexicon once a week.
Three examiners came to Jack :
" Tell us all you know !"
But when he began, " To Oxford back,"
They murmured, " we will go."
" But Joe is a regular fool," says Jack ;
" And Jack is a fool," says Joe.

Joe's a player, and no mistake,
Comes to it born and bred,
Dines in pads for the practice' sake,
Goes with a bat to bed.
Came the bowler and asked him, " Pray,
Shall I bowl you fast or slow ?"
But the bowler's every hair was grey
Before he had done with Joe.
" But Joe is a regular fool !" etc.

Morning wakes with a rousing spell,
 Bees and honey and hive ;
 Drones get up at the warning bell,
 But Jack was at work at five.
 Sinks the day on the weary hill,
 Cricketers homeward flow ;
 All climb up in the twilight chili,
 But the last to leave is Joe.

“ But Joe is a regular fool ! ” etc.

“ Fame,” says Jack, “ with the mind must go ; ”
 Says Joe, “ With the legs and back ; ”
 “ What is the use of your arms ? ” says Joe ;
 “ Where are your brains ? ” says Jack.
 Says Joe, “ Your Latin I truly hate ; ”
 Says Jack, “ I adore it so ;
 But your bats,” says Jack, “ I nowhere rate ; ”
 “ My darlings ! ” answers Joe.

“ But Joe is a regular fool ! ” etc.

Can't you settle it, Joe and Jack,
 Settle it, books and play ?
 Dunce is white and pedant is black,
 Haven't you room for gray ?
 Let neither grammar nor bats be slack,
 Let brains with sinews grow,
 And you'll be Reverend Doctor Jack,
 And you'll be General Joe !

“ But Joe is a regular fool ! ” etc.

E. E. BOWEN.
(By permission.)

ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND.

Welcome, wild North-easter !
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr ;
Ne'er a verse to thee.

Welcome, black North-easter !
O'er the German foam !
O'er the Danish moorlands,
From thy frozen home.

Tired we are of summer,
Tired of gaudy glare,
Showers soft and streaming,
Hot and breathless air.

Tired of listless dreaming,
Through the lazy day ;
Jovial wind of winter,
Turn us out to play !

Sweep the golden reed-beds ;
Crisp the lazy dyke ;
Hunger into madness
Every plunging pike.

F'll the lake with wildfowl ;
Fill the marsh with snipe ;
While on dreary moorlands
Lonely curlew pipe.

Through the black fir-forest
Thunder harsh and dry,
Shattering down the snowflakes
Off the curdled sky.

Let the luscious South wind,
Breathe in lover's sighs,
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes.

What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen ?
'Tis the hard gray weather
Breeds hard Englishmen.

What's the soft South-wester ?
'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true-loves
Out of all the seas.

But the black North-easter,
Through the snow-storm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world.

Come, as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea.

Come ; and strong withir us
Stir the Vikings' blood ;
Bracing brain and sinew ;
Blow, thou wind of God !

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

HARMOSAN.

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian throne
is done,
And the Moslem's fiery valour has the crowning victory
won.

Harmosan, the last and boldest the invader to defy,
Captive, overborne by numbers, they are bringing forth
to die.

Then exclaimed that noble captive: "Lo, I perish in
my thirst!
Give me but one drink of water, and let then arrive the
worst!"

In his hand he took the goblet; but awhile the draught
forbore,
Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the foemen to ex-
plore.

Well might then have paused the bravest, for around
him angry foes
With a hedge of naked weapons did that lonely man
enclose.

"But what fear'st thou?" cried the Caliph; "is it,
friend, a secret blow?
Fear it not! our gallant Moslem no such treacherous
dealing know.

"Thou may'st quench thy thirst securely, for thou shalt
not die before
That hast drunk that cup of waver. This reprieve is
thine—no more!"

Quick the Satrap dashed the goblet down to earth with
ready hand,
And the liquid sank forever, lost amid the burning sand.

“Thou hast said that mine my life is till the water of
that cup
I have drained ; then bid thy servants that spilled water
gather ~~up~~.”

For a moment stood the Caliph as by doubtful passions
stirred,
Then exclaimed, “Forever sacred must remain a
monarch’s word !

“Bring another cup, and straightway to the noble
Persian give.
Drink, I said before, and perish ; now I bid thee drink
and live !”

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

The minstrel boy to me war is gone,
In the ranks of death you’ll find him ;
His father’s sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
“Land of song !” said the warrior-bard,
“Though all the world betrays thee !
One sword at least thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee.”

The minstrel¹ fell—but the foeman's chair
 Could not bring his proud soul under ;
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder ;
 And said, " No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery !
 Thy songs were made for the brave and free :
 They shall never sound in slavery "

THOMAS MOCRE.

A LAW CASE.

Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose :
 The spectacles set them unhappily wrong ;
 The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
 To which the said spectacles ought to belong.
 So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
 With a great deal of skill and a wig-full of learning ;
 While Chief-Justice Ear sat to balance the laws,
 So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.
 " In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear ,
 And your Honour," he said, " will undoubtedly find,
 That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear ;
 Which amounts to possession, time out of mind."
 Then, holding the spectacles up to the court :
 " Your Honour observes they are made with a straddle
 As wide as the ridge of the Nose is—in short,
 Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.
 " Again, would your Honour a moment suppose
 ('Tis a case that has happened, and may be again)
 That the visage or countenance had not a nose—
 Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then ?

“ On the whole, it appears, and my argument shows,
 With a reasoning the court, sure, will never condemn,
 That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
 And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.”

Then, shifting his side (as a lawyer knows how),
 He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes ;
 But what were his arguments few people know,
 For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his Honour decreed, with a grave, solemn tone,
 Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*,
 That, whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
 By daylight or candle-light, Eyes should be shut.

W. COWPER.

• SONG.

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest ;
 Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
 For those that wander they know not where
 Are full of trouble and full of care ;
 To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,
 They wander east, they wander west,
 And are baffled and beaten and blown about
 By the winds of the wilderness of doubt ;
 To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest ;
 The bird is safest in its nest ;
 O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
 A hawk is hovering in the sky ;
 To stay at home is best.

H. W. LOVELL.

NOTES ON AUTHORS.

- Aytoun, William Edmondstone**: b. 1813, d. 1865. Scottish poet and professor; wrote several ballads and historical poems.
- Browning, Robert**: b. 1812, d. 1889. English poet; lived for some time in Italy; wrote a large number of poems, including *The Pied Piper*, *How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix*, etc.
- Burns, Robert**: b. 1759, d. 1796. Scottish poet, and son of a Lowland farmer; himself a farmer, and then an exciseman; wrote *The Cottar's Saturday Night*, and many beautiful songs.
- Campbell, Thomas**: b. 1777, d. 1844. English poet and editor; best known by his warlike and patriotic poems; e.g., *The Battle of Hohenlinden*, *Ye Mariners of England*, etc.
- Coleridge, Samuel Taylor**: b. 1772, d. 1834. Poet and man of letters; friend of Wordsworth; wrote *The Ancient Mariner*, *Christabel*, etc.
- Hemans, Felicia Dorothea**: b. 1791, d. 1835. English poetess; has written a large number of patriotic and homely verses.
- Hood, Thomas**: b. 1799, d. 1845. English poet and man of letters; wrote many well-known short poems, both pathetic and humorous; some of the best known are: *The Song of the Shirt*, *The Bridge of Sighs*, and *Miss Kilmansegg*.
- Kingsley, Charles**: b. 1819, d. 1875. Poet, story-writer, professor and clergyman. Besides his poems, he wrote *Westward Ho!* *Hereward the Wake*, etc.
- Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth**: b. 1807, d. 1882. American poet and professor of languages; wrote a large number of poems well known to English readers, among his best-known poems are: *The Psalm of Life*, *Excelsior*, *The Song of Hiawatha*, *Evangeline*, etc.
- Mackay, Charles**: b. 1814, d. 1889. Scottish journalist and poet; author of many popular songs.
- Moore, Thomas**: b. 1779, d. 1852. Irish poet and song-writer; wrote the *Life of Byron* and many well-known songs.
- Newbolt, Henry**: b. 1862. Author of *The Island Race*, which includes many fine patriotic poems.
- Read, Thomas Buchanan**: b. 1822, d. 1872. American poet.
- Rodd, Sir Rennell**: b. 1858. Author of *Ballads of the Fleet*.
- Rossetti, Christina Georgina**: b. 1830, d. 1894. English poetess; sister of G. C. D. Rossetti, a famous painter and poet.
- Trench, Richard Chenevix**: b. 1807, d. 1886. Archbishop of Dublin; published two volumes of poems and *The Study of Words*.
- Whittier, John Greenleaf**: b. 1807, d. 1892. American poet; wrote many poems well known to English readers.
- Wordsworth, William**: b. 1770, d. 1850. Great English poet; lived before Tennyson; wrote many poems, long and short; best known by his shorter poems—e.g., *We are Seven*, *The Pet Lamb*, *Alice Fell*, etc.; his longest poem, *The Excursion*.

